A GREATER CAPITOL.

Congress Expected to Authorize an Appropriation of Two and a Half Million Dollars for Improvements.

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IN an isolated and closely guarded temporary workshop under the dome of the United States Capitol, Emile Garret, a French sculptor, and a number of assistants are putting the finishing touches on a wonderful plaster model which will show the nation's law makers exactly what they will get for their money if they appropriate $2,500,000 for the enlargement of the home of the legislative branch of our Government, and after it has served this purpose will be taken to the St. Louis Exposition in order that the people at large may gain an idea of the scope of the project for rendering the architectural masterpiece at Washington preeminently the most imposing structure in the world. This model, for which the largest billiard table is not big enough to afford a base, is costing Uncle Sam $7,000, but it is seemingly well worth the money, for not only is it the finest piece of plaster modeling ever executed in this country, but it conveys a far more accurate idea of what the "greater Capitol" will look like than could be obtained by any other means.

The building operations which this Congress is expected to authorize will come as the climax of a long line of similar projects. That the Capitol has been built piecemeal and yet has preserved its architectural beauty is little short of marvelous. The secret of it is found no doubt in the fact that no addition or alteration has involved any radical change in the structure. Nor does the present undertaking depart from this fixed policy.

As a matter of fact the plans for the extension of the big building which it is now sought to undertake, were prepared long years ago by Thomas U. Walter, famous as the creator of the great white dome of the Capitol, and the marble wings now occupied by the Senate and House of Representatives, respectively. Indeed, the building of the addition will in reality but carry out the original conception of the enlarged Capitol as evolved by Architect Walter at the time he planned the Senate and House wings and capped the structure with its stately dome. Moreover, the new portion instead of appearing out of place will actually add to the majesty of the present pile.

The scheme which it will be sought to carry out within the next few years contemplates the removal of the old portico at the east of the building where Presidents have long been inaugurated, but it will not necessitate the removal of the principal walls of the old and historical portion of the Capitol. Indeed, what is now the front wall of the building will in future constitute the rear wall of an open court which will light the west side of the great addition which is to be built directly in front of what is now the face of the Capitol.

The addition which is to be made to the Capitol will increase the floor space in the big building more than one-third. It might at first thought appear incredible that so vast an amount of additional space could be gained by an alteration which will seemingly not change the general appearance of the Capitol very much in any way, but in this connection it is to be remembered that at present the central flight of marble steps on the east front leading to the portico of the Rotunda is indented fully twenty feet within the line of the two marble wings, whereas when the extension is made the central portion will project fully fifteen feet beyond the wings. This will give the whole building an appearance of greater depth and compactness; will provide a larger, broader, and consequently more imposing base for the massive dome; and finally will do away with the present suggestion of a rambling appearance in the building and the suspicion of the undue size of the dome. Another point in favor of the scheme for a "greater Capitol" is found in the fact that it will give opportunity for a much-desired uniformity of construction throughout the entire noble edifice. It has been for years past a matter of regret that the material comprising the older portion of the building was not marble, but scaly sandstone, which has required constant repairing in order to preserve its appearance. An opportunity will now be afforded to displace or cover over this unsatisfactory material. The facings of the extensions on both the east and west sides of the building will be of marble, conforming to the white marble of the Senate and House wings, and thus the Capitol will be, in very truth, as well as in appearance, a marble structure.

The completion of this extension of the Capitol and the erection of the new $4,000,000 marble office building as an annex for the big structure will render the nation's lawmakers better off for room than they have ever been before. At present every Senator, whether chairman of a committee or not, has a private office, but in the lower house of Congress only the chairmen of committees have such facilities, and even then some of the offices are so badly located and so poorly lighted that their possessors would almost as soon be without the accommodations. The new office building will, however, provide a separate office for every one of the upward of four hundred members of the House, and the enlargement of the Capitol will make available still further space. The extension of the central portion of the building will provide a total of sixty-six rooms—thirty-three apartments for the use of the Senate and a like number for the House. Moreover the rooms will be large, approximating 22 by 30 to 32 feet in size.

Much has been said of late years regarding the luxuries with which Congressmen now indulge themselves, but it is likely that past performances in this line will pale in comparison with the lavish expenditures of the future. An underground electric railway will convey members from the new office building to the Capitol, and the appointments of the new structure will be quite in keeping with those of the main building. Many added luxuries made their appearance during the recent recess. The new bathrooms, for instance, are marvels in the perfection of their appointments, as may be imagined from the fact that $20,000 was required to defray last summer's plumbing bill at the Capitol. Members will henceforth have their shoes shined on bootblack stands that cost $55 each, and other new appointments are in keeping.

WASHINGTONIANS HONORED BY THE MASONIC FRATERNITY

M. W. BAYLISS, Sovereign Grand Commander.

GEORGE GIBSON, Minister of State.

AT the annual session of the Supreme Council of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Free Masonry of the United States, Northern Jurisdiction, held in New York a short time ago, three Washingtonians were elected to high offices in the order. They were M. W. Bayliss, who was elected sovereign grand commander; George Gibson, elected minister of state, and Samuel G. Eberly, elected master of ceremonies.

Mr. Bayliss is well known to the Masons of Washington, with whom he has been prominently identified for years. He holds a very honorable and responsible position in the office of the Surgeon General of the Army, as architect. He draws the plans for army hospitals all over this country and in our island possessions. He is an ardent Mason, and one of the most popular members of local orders.

Mr. Gibson is well known in Washington, not only as a prominent Mason, but as one of the leading business men of the city. He conducts the printing and bookbinding establishment of Gibson Brothers, on the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Thirteenth Street, one of the best-known binderies in the city. Until a short time ago his brother, William Gibson, was with him, but on his brother's death Mr. Gibson continued the business under the firm name of Gibson Brothers. Like Mr. Bayliss, Mr. Gibson has long been identified with Masonic matters, and is as popular with the craft as he is prominent.

DUELS BETWEEN HOT-HEADED AMERICANS

Unhappy Hostile Meetings That Have a Place in the Nation's History—Days When the Code Could Not Be Ignored---Occurrences Not Generally Familiar.

A FEW old cronies, all residents of this city, who were gathered together one evening recently in the bachelor quarters of one of the party, were indulging in reminiscences of long past days when a call was made upon one of them to relate facts in his extensive knowledge concerning the duels in this country. The old gentleman thus called upon was known in his younger days to have been a strict defender of the code of honor, though he had never been "called out" himself, and was frank enough to say that if he had received an invitation to appear on the field he didn't think he would have had sufficient pluck to accept the invitation. He had, nevertheless, always taken great interest in dueling affairs, had read all the books that have been written on the subject, and was well posted thereon.

Willing to Do the Talking.

He was perfectly willing to comply with the request, and for some time entertained the party with many events of a single combat order that he had heard of or read of, and though his recital was somewhat rambling it was particularly attractive. First of all he naturally turned his attention to the old Bladensburg dueling ground.

"It's all obliterated now," he said, and made the assertion that this famous fighting place was not directly at Bladensburg, but a mile this side of it, and not very far distant from the jurisdiction of the District of Columbia, very easy of approach from Washington, and convenient of escape from the authorities of Maryland. "There was a certain part of this piece of ground," he said, "a narrow path that had been trampled by cattle. That was the particular 'field of honor,' and this was just about fifty yards from the old stage road. Duelists came there from all parts of the country to settle their differences, and, of course, it had a certain national fame. The first duel, I believe, that was fought there was in 1814, when an infantry officer named Hopkins was killed in a duel. There is also in the records an account of the fight between Gen. Armistead T. Mason, a Senator in Congress from Virginia, and John M. McCarty. This was in 1819. Mason resigned his commission as Senator to challenge McCarty. They fought with muskets, loaded with buckshot, at a distance of ten feet. Mason was killed and McCarty had his arm shattered, but recovered from his wounds."

Burr and Hamilton.

The gentleman referred to other famous duels, noting that of Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr, the facts of which are well known to all readers of American history. He mentioned also the lamentable meeting of Jonathan Cilley and William J. Graves, of which nearly everyone knows. This affair occurred, he explained, not at Bladensburg but on the old Marlboro Road. The men fought with rifles and Cilley fell at the third fire. On this occasion Cilley was accompanied by his second, George W. Jones, Mr. Bynum, a Representative in Congress from North Carolina, and by a Dr. Duncan, of Ohio, as his surgeon. Graves had for his second Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, and his friends, Senator Crittenden of Kentucky and a Mr. Menafee, also of Kentucky. His surgeon was Dr. Foltz, of this city.

"Almost every school child," said the narrator of these events, "knows of the unhappy meeting at Bladensburg of Captains Decatur and Barron, when both were killed. It was one of the saddest occurrences that ever clouded that dark and bloody ground. Decatur," he continued, "was mixed up in several affairs before this. Away back in 1799 he had a difference with an officer of a merchant ship. This was in Philadelphia. Decatur's father, who was a believer in the code, thought a duel was necessary. The merchantman's officer refused to apologize, but accepted a challenge and was wounded in the hip. His next affair was about two years later when at Gibraltar he had 'words' with a Spanish naval officer and the American challenged the proud Castilian. A duel was averted, however, by the persuasions of the Spanish captain general and the captain of the ship Essex, to which Decatur was attached. Not long after that Decatur figured in another 'affair,' not as a principal, however, but as a friend. It seems that a midshipman named Bainbridge had been challenged by the secretary of Sir Alexander Bell at Malta. The challenger was a practiced duelist, therefore Decatur chose for his friend pistols at four paces, and the secretary was killed at the first fire."

Bladensburg's Bloody Record.

Referring to Bladensburg again the well-posted storyteller said: "There have been altogether I suppose over seventy-five duels fought at Bladensburg. The late Adjutant General Williams, who was a Virginia man, fought there somewhere in the fifties with another officer. The only damage was Williams' hat being perforated by a bullet. Mr. Bynum of North Carolina, who was with Mr. Cilly when he was killed, had a duel there with Mr. Jenifer of Maryland, afterward minister to Austria. Nobody was hurt. J. M. Daniels and E. W. Johnson, editors of newspapers published in Richmond, fought there and after exchanging shots were reconciled by their friends. Of course, I can't recollect all of the duels of Bladensburg.

"We all know of the duel between John Randolph and Henry Clay. That happened on the Virginia side of the Potomac, just about the location of the Little Falls. This was in 1808, and was because of political differences. Benton in his 'Thirty Years in the Senate' describes this duel as absurd. Both men absolutely loved each other, but they fought for the sake of 'honor.' They had different notions of honor," dryly observed the old gentleman, "than fat old Jack Falstaff, whose sentiments on that point are so comically given in Sir John's soliloquy in Shakespeare's play of Henry IV.

"There have been a whole lot of duels fought in California. There always are in new countries. We all know of the Broderick-Terry duel, when Broderick was killed. That wasn't a decent duel, however. It was a put up job to kill Broderick. Everybody in this company remembers Senator William M. Gwin and Representative J. W. McCorkle, both of California. They fought some time in the fifties. They had some kind of a quarrel on a race track in their State, and thought it necessary to fight. There was something ridiculous about the affair. The weapons were rifles, distance thirty paces, the combatants to wheel at the word and fire. After they had plugged at each other three times the seconds discovered that the principals were fighting under a misapprehension of facts, and the duel ended. About the same time there was a duel in that State between Alfred Crane and Edward Tobey. Crane was a doctor and hailed from Louisiana, and Tobey was clerk of the San Francisco board of aldermen. Crane was killed.

"The books record a very interesting incident that happened early in the last century in New York. A young man named Ben Price, who was a brother of Stephen Price, the lessee of the Drury Lane Theater, took a lady to the theater one night and a British army officer stared at her so much that Ben pulled the officer's nose. He pulled it good and hard. The officer then declared he meant no offense and the two shook hands. When the officer went back to Canada, however, his brother officers sent him to Coventry for not challenging the individual who tweaked his nasal organ. Thereupon the fellow went to work, practiced at shooting for several hours a day until he became able to hit a dollar at ten paces nine times out of ten. He came back to New York, challenged Price, and they fought at Hoboken, and poor Price was killed at the first fire.

Get Out of Bed to Fight.

"Some time after that at a dinner party in New York another British officer boasted of having instigated that duel. Word was carried to Stephen Price of this boast and he, though ill in bed of the gout, got up and went to the hotel where the officer had his quarters, hobbled up stairs and asked the officer if he would accept a caning or fight. A duel was the consequence. It took place on Bedloe's Island, and the Britisher was killed at the first fire.

"In old times dueling was a common occurrence in New England. Fort Independence in Boston harbor, once known as Castle Island, was in its day as famous as a dueling ground as our own Bladensburg.

"In Sabine's history of dueling there is an account of a duel near this city in 1821 between men named Fox and Randall. Randall, who was a clerk in the Treasury Department, had wronged the daughter of a lady with whom he boarded. The girl's brother, who was a cadet at West Point Military Academy, hearing of the disgrace heaped upon his family, assaulted and very seriously hurt Randall. After the clerk recovered he was again assaulted by Fox, a friend of the young lady's family. He in turn caned Fox, who thereupon challenged him and was killed at the first fire. Randall was turned out of office for the offense."

"Were there no penalties for dueling in those halcyon days of the code?" some one asked the relator of fighting reminiscences.

When the Law Failed.

"Certainly," was the response. "Any quantity of them, but all the penalties and all the arguments in Christendom could not prevent a resort to the code when the hotheaded fellows of those days thought that nothing but a duel could salve their wounded honor. Even in cases where the penalties were death to the survivor the practice lived and had its defenders. The very men who voted for penalties and argued against the practice fought when they thought honor required it."

"Did you ever hear of duels between women?" some one asked. "Not in this country, thank heaven," was the answer, "though there have been in Europe. I know nothing about them."

Some one else said, "What was the origin of the duello?"

"Oh," said the questioned man, "I suppose it is a relic of barbarism. Look at your Bible, though, if you have one," he said, "and you will find that the first duel on record was between General Goliath, the Philistine, and the Hebrew minstrel boy David. That was a thousand years before the Christian era. Goliath was the challenger and David had the right to use any weapon he wished. Of course, the Philistine made a verbal challenge. He said, 'I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me a man that we may fight together.' Goliath wanted to stop the effusion of blood and decide matters by a single combat."

THE OPINIONS OF A VETERAN WASHINGTON LIQUOR DEALER

His Views as to How the Traffic Should Be Regulated to Minimize Its Evils and Do Justice to All.

"I AM one of the oldest, if not, in fact, the oldest, of the retail liquor dealers of Washington," said Thomas Walsh to a representative of The Times. "I am not only the oldest in point of age, the dean of the trade, so to speak, but I have been longest in the business of anyone in the city."

Having been asked to detail some of his views concerning the liquor traffic in this District, Mr. Walsh frankly admitted that there were evils associated with it, but at the same time contended that the same was true of many other sorts of business in any community. "A man in the liquor business," he remarked, "can be as upright in his dealings as the dry goods merchant, the grocer, or any other trafficker. I know considerable of the saloon keepers of this city. From my long association with the trade I naturally would. I was a member of the first association of liquor dealers in this country, and have attended nearly all their conventions, and I have been in all the large cities of the country, and I do not hesitate a moment to say that as a class of law-abiding citizens and as men of an average good intelligence, Washington is far and away beyond those of any other city in the country.

"I freely assert that those engaged in this business have been burdened with some very onerous laws. The cost of a license to do business is very heavy. We don't object to a reasonably high license, but the simple fact is that the present tax is one under which few dealers can do a fairly profitable business. Many folks think that liquor dealers have few expenses, and that is a great mistake. They have many, and in addition to that their contributions to charitable institutions are not few. They make no ostentatious display about it, but in the majority of cases 'let not their right hand know what their left hand doeth.'

"Now, alluding to the burdens to which I referred, let me tell you that until the recent ruling of the Court of Appeals in the Tobin case, I could not enter my place of business after midnight, or on a Sunday, even if it had been on fire or flooded by a burst water pipe, or no matter what had happened. There was a statute or a municipal order against it, and men in the business obeyed it because, as I tell you, the better class of saloon keepers (and they are in the majority) respect the law power and the opinions of proper officials in their construction of the statutes. Liquor dealers," remarked Mr. Walsh, "are not prone to induce men to wander from the paths of rectitude as a fanatical portion of all communities would try to have it believed. On the contrary, they would in nine cases out of ten guide him otherwise. Nor do they care to have the custom of reckless or dishonorable men. It would, of course, not benefit their business. I am speaking now in a general way because, as I admitted, there are men in the business scattered about here and there who are not troubled with conscientious scruples of any sort."

Asked if the various clubs in this community, where a member could go at any time of the night and on Sunday, detracted any from the retail dealer's profits, Mr. Walsh said they undoubtedly did.

Some of these so-called "clubs" were merely drinking places organized solely to evade the letter of the law, and their existence was an injustice, not only to the legitimate club, but to the legitimate retail dealer, whose business was fair and open and whose interest it was to follow the law's dictates. Bogus clubs, he thought, should be given especial attention by the Excise Board.

His doctrine concerning the personal conduct of the business it to obey all laws that are passed concerning it and endeavor by fair dealing with all men and commendable citizenship to gain the esteem of the public and to keep it.

THE AMUSING LIFE OF CHINESE GIRLS

The life of the little Chinese girl of today, although an improvement in some respects upon that led by her sisters of an earlier generation, is still mightily amusing from an American or European standpoint.

She is betrothed at thirteen. Her course of study, which is painstaking and thorough, by the way, includes a knowledge of the poetical names of flowers and of the rearing of goldfish.

A clever little Chinese lady, Miss Wong Jin Ling, daughter of a diplomat now residing in St. Louis, talked to an interviewer a short time ago, giving some interesting details on this subject:

"I was born thirteen years ago in Shanghai, China," she said, "and have been betrothed since I was twelve to Master Sah Fok Kyiun, a son of Admiral Sah, of China. I am as yet too young to be married. For five years I shall remain in my father's house, the marriage ceremony taking place when I am eighteen, or two years after I become of age. In China a girl is of age at sixteen.

"Master Sah, who is seventeen, resides also with my father. This is sometimes the custom in China among families of the upper class, in cases where two families are on very intimate terms.

"Master Sah and I see very little of one another, although we are in the same house. Judged by the way American young people act, Chinese boys and girls are very shy.

"Much of my time I spend in my own room, engaged in my studies or practicing the accomplishments which I must master. I have committed many passages of poetry to memory, for the Chinese consider this a very graceful art, one that surpasses music. I can both recite and compose poetry. The two studies go side by side in a Chinese girl's education. She is taught to begin writing poetry at a very youthful age.

"One of my favorites among the selections which I have committed to memory is a production by a famous Chinese poet," she continued. "It is quite long, of many verses, and is entitled 'The Burial of the Flowers.'

"Water color painting has consumed many of my leisure hours. We begin to paint on paper and then, when we are well advanced, paint on silk. A scene on a hillside or bamboo growing or a beautiful lake are familiar subjects.

"Girls in the upper class in China are taught to rear flowers. We learn the culture of the hundreds of beautiful flowers which bloom in China, particularly the chrysanthemum, the peony and the lotus lily.

"Often we go out to the ponds and lakes to gather lilies. That is considered a very nice pastime for young ladies.

"Our education is not regarded as complete unless we know the poetical names of all the flowers, as well as how to take care of them. This is not very difficult, because our recreation is almost always taken in the flower garden.

"To rear goldfish is another accomplishment of the Chinese girl.

"The reason why a Chinese girl is betrothed so long before she is married is, as my parents have explained to me, because the Chinese like to have worldly affairs settled as soon as possible. Parents wish to be sure that whatever may happen to them, their daughter will be taken care of; therefore every family, even the poorest, is anxious to secure a daughter's betrothal just as soon as the family can afford it. In families of the upper class there is no anxiety as to the settlement of a daughter, but marriages are often arranged to cement friendship between two families."

A BALLAD IN "G."

A man with a marvelous mug
Rode out of Fort Scott on a nag;
He carried a jug in a bag,
And many and many a swig
Reposed in that corpulent jug,
And a cob fitted in as a plug
As snug as a snag on a bog.

The nag had a wiggiety jig
Which churned up the jag in the jug,
And along by its side went a dog,
Which jiggled along in a jog,
With a narrative shaggy and sag,
Which he wearily, wearily wug.
O that jug, and that jog, and that jag.
O that jog, and that jag, and that jug.

The man shouted "Whoa," to the nag,
And took out the jug from the bag,
Then took out the plug from the jug,
And then from the jug took a jag,
A terrible, horrible jag,
Which acted as quick as a drug.

He shouted "Yip-yip" to the nag,
And dug in his heels with a dig,
And the nag, who would never renig,
Sprang off with the speed of a stag;
Then the man with a marvelous mug
Began a vociferous brag——

"Whoo-pee! I'm a bird on a crag;
I'm a thief, and a wolf, and a thug;
I'm a bug-hunter, hunting a bug,
O I can hold more than a kag,
And I have boodle and swag
That says my grave don't get dug."

To the front, with a yelp, went the dog—
And—shouting "Yip-yip" to the nag—
Pell-mell with the jug and jag
Went the man with the marvelous mug,
And there in the road lay a hog
As still as a bump on a log.

Then down in a pile went the nag,
And the dog, and the hog, and the jug,
And that was the end of the hog,
And that was the end of the dog,
And vain was his efforts to wag
The narrative previously wug;
And limber and limp as a rag
In a wad on his lug lay the nag.

And then the man with the marvelous mug
Rolled like a cavalry flag,
Done up like a family rug,
Lay there with his head in a bag,
And twenty feet off stood the jug—
The opulent, corpulent jug—
Unharmed, while the loyal cob plug
Held down what was left of the jag.

And this is the song of the jag,
And the jug, and the jog, and the jig,
And this is the song of the nag,
Of the nag that would never renig,
And the dog, and the hog, and the bag—
And the song of the swag and the swig.

—Ironquill (Eugene Ware).

Of the Anti-Prodigal Kind.

"USED to be an old man I knew in Albany," said State Excise Commissioner Timothy M. Cullinan, "whose son hardly was an imitator of the prodigal of olden times. The old man was rich and his tastes were riotous, but his years were too many to permit him to roll as high as his wealth would allow. It laid with the boy to spend the money, but he wouldn't. Wouldn't dress up to top notch, nor go to wine parties, nor play poker, but was frugal and saving; and so the old man's heart was heavy within him.

"One day the old man wrote to a business friend in New York, who had a couple of scapegrace sons, and told him he was going to send Billy down here on a trip; that he wanted his friend's sons to show his kid the elephant—in short, to give him the benefit of the whole menagerie. He gave Billy three hundred dollars and told him to skip out and enjoy himself.

"The old man thought the boy was frescoing the town, particularly as he didn't hear from him, and he was happy for two months. Then Billy returned and broke his heart with the truth.

"What do you suppose the kid had been doing? He'd struck a job setting up pins in a bowling alley as soon as he got here and he took $360 home with him."—New York Press.